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The New Critic of the Chronicle.

It is now three months, or thereabouts, since the *Morning Chronicle* has been blessed with its new musical critic. The effects are beginning to be apparent, and every day will bring them into stronger colors—every notice of musical doings will sink the paper deeper in the mire. Ere long the *Morning Chronicle* must adopt the “cap and bells” as heraldic bearings—and, to show consistency, have it painted over the office-entry in the Strand. Wary and careful at first, the new musical critic feared to endanger his position by indulging in that peculiar tone of writing which swamped him in the *Morning Post*, killed the *Maestro*, and the *Great Gun*, and, at the present time, is undermining the respectability of the *Britannia*, and the *Illustrated London News*. Accordingly, as in the *Great Gun* of yore, he commenced with a splutter in bad English, about liberality, unprejudiced criticism, native talent, and so forth. Thus, his maiden essays in the *Chronicle*, having nothing but their insignificance to distinguish them, passed without notice. By little and little, however, our critic laid aside his adopted tone of suave morality. By degrees, Her Majesty’s Theatre, about which all was *couleur de rose* at the commencement, began to be rated—then satirised—then abused downright. Native professors, who were at first gently patted on the head, in process of time were ridiculed as pedantic boobies. Native-built organs were condemned outright as possessing “no homogeneity”—and this without having been heard. It is a positive fact, that neither Dr. Gauntlett, nor Mr. Gruneison, were present at the trials of Messrs. Gray and Davison’s Trinidad organ—and, moreover, that they never heard it at all—notwithstanding which, it was condemned as an inefficient instrument by the *Morning Chronicle*; and it is the opinion of an eminent legal authority, that an action might safely be brought against that paper by the manufacturers. The first occasion, however, on which the true Jenkins was apparent in the *Chronicle* columns, was in the criticism of *Don Quixote*. Such a manifestation of special incompetency was never before put forth by a morning paper. We do not exaggerate, when we say, that it was a topic of discussion in the musical profession for weeks afterwards. Unanimous disgust was accompanied by unanimous astonishment, that a respectable newspaper should have allowed such a farrago of nonsense to appear in its columns. The exposure of the critic’s ignorance in the “Musical World,” placed him, so to speak, “in a fix.” He must support his opinion by further argument, or be overwhelmed in the general contempt of artists. Unable to give reasons for the faith that was not in him (*not* in him, we say, because the article was entirely instigated by the supposition, that the composer of *Don Quixote* was an intimate friend of the editor of this periodical),

our critic is compelled to solicit the aid of a gentleman not engaged on the paper, (Dr. Gauntlett),—who undertakes to get him out of the scrape, and straightway indites another notice of *Don Quixote*. But this second article, notwithstanding its consistent virulence and malice, by contradicting three-fourths of the statements of the first, left the poor *Chronicle* in a worse condition than before. The second article was read in our hearing, before a number of professors and amateurs, and received with shouts of derision.

But let us place the bare facts before the proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle*, and let them judge of the position they are likely to occupy by retaining the services of such a person as this critic. First, there is an opera produced at an English theatre, composed by an English musician. To go no farther, such an attempt, for the sake of our country’s progress in the arts, should be received with encouragement, unless desperately bad; and if desperately bad, should be consigned gently to oblivion. At least, such is our impression of the bounden duty of a great journal of public opinion, which should never either violently oppose or violently flatter the notions of its readers. In politics, party animosities, unhappily, are inevitable: but in matters of art, surely there should be only one feeling to foster genius, and assist progress. But the English opera alluded to, instead of being desperately bad, was pronounced a *great work* by the highest professional authorities, the most enlightened amateurs, and the principal organs of the press. The *Morning Chronicle* stood alone in condemning it as worthless—and the motives of this condemnation were private and personal. We speak advisedly—since, to our knowledge, the critic of the *Chronicle* declared to several persons, that if the *Musical World* had not spoken of his (the critic’s) ignorance of keys, “he should not have noticed the — thing again.” And so, because one journal rates another for incompetent criticism, the journal rated abuses the work of an innocent third party (who has nothing to do with either), injures him in his professional avocations, unsays whatever little he may have said previously in his praise, eats his own words, and disgraces the journal he has the honour to represent—the sole reason lying in the supposition that the innocent third party is a friend of the editor of the offending journal. Here, according to a high legal authority, another action for damages lies against the *Morning Chronicle*. Malice prepense can be proved by witnesses. The author of *Don Quixote* earns his bread, and supports his family, by teaching harmony and composition. His teaching has been found advantageous, and his acquaintance with the art he discloses to his pupils has long been acknowledged unrivalled—and yet he is to be told by an anonymous writer, confessedly ignorant altogether of the subject, that he knows nothing of the principles of composition. Had this libel appeared in an obscure print we should have passed it over as

least hurtful when left alone—but in a journal of enormous influence and immense circulation, like the *Morning Chronicle*, such an unprincipled attempt to injure an unoffending artist is in the highest degree infamous and disgraceful. The *Morning Chronicle* critic had a perfect right to venture his opinion, that the composer of *Don Quixote* was deficient in genius, fancy, imagination, or what not—but he had no right wantonly to accuse him of ignorance of matters in which he has long been recognised thoroughly accomplished—more especially since of these matters, the critic himself has not the effrontery to pretend he knows one jot.

Second—the Trinidad Organ business, (equally actionable,) is an instance of flagrant want of principle quite as bad as the other; but less noxious, since rich and thriving manufacturers are not so easy to be injured as poor and struggling artists. A large organ is built for a foreign city—the manufacturers issue cards of invitation to certain persons to hear its capabilities essayed by competent performers. Press-cards are transmitted to the *Morning Chronicle* office. The professed musical critic of that paper, whose duty it is to attend and deliver his opinion, *does not go*. He has, however, a friend, who, in some sort is a rival to the manufacturers of the organ in question. This friend *does not go* to hear the instrument essayed, but is suffered by the professed critic (who ought to have gone) to write an article against the organ, in which it is condemned as a defective instrument. Thus the respectability of the *Morning Chronicle* is placed in jeopardy by its own servant, who sacrifices its interests to the rivalry of one organ manufacturer against another. These are plain statements, and plain truths. The critic of the *Chronicle* was not at the organ trial, and yet the organ was condemned in the *Chronicle*! We are but humble representatives of public opinion, and it is not likely that the great journal which suffers by such unworthy jobbing, will consider us sufficiently important to be noticed; but our words not the less go forth to the world, and declare loudly enough, the critic's dereliction and the paper's disgrace. These facts are nothing, however, to what we can, (and perhaps may) disclose. The composer of *Don Quixote* is not the only innocent third party who is to suffer, because, as independent journalists, we find it our duty to unmask imposture, abash effrontery, and hold obtrusive ignorance up to contempt.

(To be continued.)

Don Quixote.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

The lengthened notices we have already given of this fine opera, preclude the necessity of entering further into detail in respect to its character and merits. We are pleased, however, that a closer acquaintance strengthens rather than weakens the favourable opinion we pronounced on the occasion of its first public representation. The great charm of *Don Quixote* lies in its masterly completeness of development, and its striking symmetry of form. So naturally do the various movements of which it is composed flow into and out of each other, that the whole opera might be effectively performed as one piece of music. As in the incomparable *Fidelio*, the relations of keys are studiously consulted, and the course of modulation, though new and richly varied, is always progressive and reasonable. The opera begins and ends in the same key—from which, as the work proceeds, it travels conformably to natural laws, and to which it as naturally recurs, when the whole is

brought to a close. But completeness is not the only merit of *Don Quixote*. The melodies are simple, compact, and rhythmic. In the ballads there is nothing common-place, while there is nothing strained or overcharged. Moreover, the sentiment of the words, the position of the *dramatis personæ*, and the progress of the action, are invariably consulted. A simple sentiment is simply rendered—a passionate or complex one is proportionately elaborated. While genius is exerting its power, propriety is never abashed. The instrumentation is remarkably clear, certain, brilliant, and effective. Mr. Macfarren has studied arduously, and has not gained experience without profit. As a harmonist he is very original and equally intelligible. He has the secret of charming by peculiar dispersions of parts, by the unexpected use of particular combinations, and even by the employment of single chords, in a manner equally agreeable and unusual. This produces a certain freshness—even when, as is sometimes, though rarely, the case, his melody is not of the newest. We would instance the delicious ballad, "Sweet were the hours of infancy," and the *Seguidilla*, "The rights of hospitality," as illustrations of our meaning. The subjects are scarcely more than new forms of old ideas—but their harmonic and orchestral treatment is so characteristic and ingenious, that they have all the effect of perfect novelty. In "Ah, why do we love?"—"I quit my pillow," and many other parts of the opera unnecessary to adduce here, the melodies and treatment are quite on a par, for freshness and spontaneity. Of the large plan and clever development of the finales—of the purity and richness of the choral part writing—of the energy and orchestral brilliancy of the overture, and the triumphal march in Act II. we have said enough in our previous notices. On the whole we are inclined to rank *Don Quixote* very highly in the modern *repertoire* of dramatic music. It is the work of a thoughtful, zealous, and experienced musician, and what is more, it is the inspiration of unmistakeable genius. We shall be right glad to welcome another opera from the same hand.

Letters from Italy.

No. 2.

MILAN.

Were you ever at Milan? Have you perambulated its spacious "Contrade," its "Corso," visited its magnificent "Duomo," its theatres and its cafés? If so, you will doubtless agree with me, that it is one of the finest modern cities in Europe, and the Paris of Italy. The climate is delightful, and the women beautiful. On my way thither from Venice, I stopped at all the principal towns which lay in my route—namely: Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Brescia, and Bergamo (the birth-place of Rubin), and found at each and every one a handsome theatre and a very tolerable operatic "troupe." The Italians have christened Milan "il Giardino della Musica;" if it be so, it is assuredly "an unweeded garden, which grows to seed—things rank and gross in art possess it merely." Indeed, things musical are almost in a poor condition at Milan as they are at Venice. Beyond the execution of certain operas at the "Scala," there is nothing of excellence to be heard here. At the "Conservatorio," the worst taste prevails. The pupils are trained in a bad school, under worse masters. The works of the great German composers are carefully excluded from their studies, as a species of "musica matematica," quite unworthy the attention of Italian genius. Neither do its own really eminent men find much favour in the eyes of young Italy. Fruitless are the endeavours of the musical tourist in Italy to hear a mass by Cherubini, or an opera by Rossini, or even Spontini: and as to the works of Jomelli, Corelli, Marcello, Paisiello, Cimarosa, &c. Pooh! "Cosa volete? Vecchia roba!" Who listens to such stupid old stuff? It thus appears, that the prejudice here is not so much against that which is *foreign*, as against that which is *good* in art. This is truly a lamentable state of things; and particularly so, when we reflect upon the influence which Italian opera still exercises over the musical minds of Europe. When we reflect, that men, trained in a

school of ignorance and prejudice, are set up as models of excellence to all who desire to arrive at eminence in operatic writing, and students are taught to believe that the only way to be successful, and to please the public, is to imitate those men, the result, I say, must eventually be fatal to the progress of art. The original cause of the ascendancy of Italian opera was its excellence; and its then superiority to every other. In the time of Paisiello and Cimarosa, and when Mozart wrote for the Italian stage, the Italian opera was the first in Europe. It has, however, long ceased to be so. With the exception of Rossini, (who writes no more operas,) there is not a man in Italy (at least, amongst known composers) whose works would bear a comparison with those of Auber, Meyerbeer, or many English operatic composers I could mention. The cause, then, of modern Italian opera being so fashionable is a mystery to me; and the more so, when I observe that the *habitués* of the Italian Opera in London and Paris seem really to appreciate and take delight in the beauties of the "Don Giovanni," the "Matrimonio Segreto," the "Barbieri," &c., whenever they have an opportunity of hearing them; and that the nights of their performance are invariably the most crowded and brilliant of the season. The Opera patrons certainly show excellent taste on these occasions, and almost make one hope that, through their agency, *true art* may eventually become once more fashionable. But alas! they return again without a murmur to the puerilities and insipidities of certain writers, who have no recommendation whatever but an Italian name. Art droops, and the man of genius may starve. At the period of my first visit to Milan, the operatic company at the "Scala" was very strong. We had Frezzolini, (prima donna,) Moriani, (tenore,) Bodiali, (baritono,) Marini, (basso,) and our talented countrywoman, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, (contralto). The orchestra of the *Scala*, led (for they have no conductors in Italy) by Cavallini, (brother to the celebrated clarionetist of that name,) was at that time the most efficient in Italy; the chorus, somewhat mysterious; the ballet, of which the divine Fanny Cerito was the heroine, was most magnificent. In fact, the "getting-up" of everything at the *Scala* is most splendid; and, in my opinion, quite equal to the *Académie* of Paris. No expense is spared, and the unequalled grandeur of the theatre contributes much to the general effect. Poor old Alessandra Rolla (the eminent violinist) had not long seceded from the leadership of the "Scala" orchestra when I first visited Milan. He was nearly ninety years of age, and still used to play quartets very charmingly. The other two principal theatres are the "Teatro Carcano," for opera; and the "Teatro Re," for dramatic performances. The latter is considered the best in Italy. I saw frequently there their best actors in their best plays, and I cannot certainly give you a very favourable account of the impression their performance made upon me. They have two or three genuine artists, and all the rest very indifferent indeed. I was much delighted with Modena in some of Aliferi's tragedies, and with Vetrini in some of Goldoni's comedies; but here I fear my praise must stop. There are no Italian dramatic writers now of any very remarkable talent, and the theatrical public here is, like our own in England, fed almost exclusively upon French dishes.

Provincial.

ABROATH.—On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Wilson gave his musical entertainments in the Trades' Hall, to a crowded and fashionable audience. Mr. Wilson's reputation as a vocalist is so universally acknowledged, that it would be next to folly, on our part, to laud what has been so often and so justly lauded. His "Bide ye yet" was given with great feeling and humour, and called forth an encore. "Tam Glen" was admirably sung, and the dialogue song of "My Spouse Nancy," elicited bursts of laughter and applause. The dialogue song of "Saw ye my wee thing," is, however, in our opinion, Wilson's triumph—nothing can be more touching and pathetic. The second part of the concert was devoted to the Jacobite songs, "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" and "Charlie is my Darling," were given with feeling and pathos. The humorous song of "Woo'd and married an' a'" and "Tak' your auld cloak about ye," were enthusiastically received. We only express the sentiments of the Abroath community in saying, that Mr. Wilson will ever find a cordial reception here. In justice to Mr. Land, who accompanied Mr. Wilson, we have to add, that his admirable performances on the pianoforte, as usual, were loudly applauded, and that the taste and professional knowledge given proof of by him on this, and on similar occasions, entitle him to rank among the best performers of the day.—*Abroath Guide*.

BATH.—The talented pianist, Miss Day, and her brother, a favourite pupil of De Beriot, performed, last week, at a musical *soirée*, at which they were introduced by Mr. Bianchi Taylor. Miss Day's style and execution are of a high order, and the youthful violinist delighted every one who heard him.—*Bath Herald*.

LETTERS ON THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT.—No. 2.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—After the general observations in my former letter upon this subject, I think it will be proper to take a short view of the progress of copyright.—Without doubt, the existence of the right of copy is coeval with the commencement of literature, as it is to be presumed that a conviction of its justice and expediency has always prevailed. We do not, however, find any written law upon the subject among the nations of antiquity, although copies of works were sold by the authors for the purpose of recitation, as described by Juvenal, 7, 83, and even in England it is only a supposition of writers that the Common law admitted the right of copy, there being no authority upon the subject. This supposition, however, may partly be founded upon the fact, that old charters and registers of the Stationer's Company, are in existence, showing that books passed by descent, sale, and conveyance from one owner to another, as far back as A. D. 1560, as well as from Acts of Parliament concerning printing, which seem to recognize the right; at length statutory interference was deemed necessary for the protection of genius, and the first was passed in the 8th year of the reign of Queen Anne. This act was amended by another in the 15th year of George the Third's reign, which declares that the author and his assigns should have the right for 14 years, and if he were living at the end of that period, it should return to him for another 14 years. Again in the 54th year of the same reign, the right was further extended to 28 years, and if the author should be living at the end of such term, then for the residue of his life. Dramatic composers were afterwards protected by an Act of the 3rd year of William the Fourth's reign, which protection is extended to musical composers, by the 5th and 6th Vic., c. 45. Works of design, engravings, etchings, models, casts, and other sculptures, after various acts being passed, came under the 56th Geo. 3rd, c. 56, by which double costs were given, and an additional 14 years if the maker should be living at the end of the first term. The principal incidents relating to copyright may, however, be now found in the late Act of the 5th and 6th years of her Majesty's reign, which limits the duration of copyright to 42 years from the first publication, or the period of the author's life and seven years next following his death, whichever is the longer. It may be seen from the short sketch above, that progressive improvement has been silently working its way, and that amid the busy turmoil of mercantile pursuits, for which this land is renowned, the skill, genius, and benefits of learned men have not been forgotten. In older times, ignorance was too common to allow of much piracy, but as time grew older, men more learned, and piracy more profitable, wise and wholesome laws were enforced, giving an impulse to generous emulation among those who have reared a fabric to endure through future ages, and to be enlarged by our posterity.

I am, sir, yours obediently,

HERRMANN LANG.

VERSES FOR MUSIC.

How soft the blush of early dawn,
When night has passed away!
How bright the dewdrop on the lawn,
At early break of day!
But lovelier far thy cheek to me
Than e'en the blushing sky;
For pearly dewdrops, when near thee,
Gain lustre from thine eye.

The scent that fills the morning gale,
Shall sweeter still appear;
And brighter far the flow'ry vale
When thou shalt wander near.
What melody can equal thine,
Though birds harmonious sing,
And all the sylvan choirs combine
To make the welkin ring?

ERNEST LANG.

Dramatic Intelligence.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Saturday Verdi's *Nino* was repeated, we trust for the last time. On Tuesday *I Puritani*, one of the most agreeable of Bellini's operas, brought

back to us Grisi, Mario, and Lablache. A crowded house welcomed these great artists with the utmost enthusiasm. In the first *aria* we thought Grisi scarcely equal to herself, and her voice appeared slightly impaired by fatigue—but the impression was completely dispelled as the opera proceeded; she is still the queen of dramatic vocalists. Lablache was as glorious as of yore. Mario's improvement is remarkable; his voice and style have equally progressed, and now that Rubini has retired, he may be fairly denominated the first tenor of the day. Fornasari, in the *secondo basso*, acted with great force, and sang energetically, if not with finish. The opera went off brilliantly; the usual favourite *morceaux* were encored, and at the fall of the curtain, the three stars, being recalled, came forward with Fornasari, whom they took under their protection. On Tuesday *Don Giovanni* drew a crowded house. Fornasari, in the hero, was somewhat more refined, and acted the last scene impressively enough—but the music is altogether out of his depth, he neither understands nor can he execute it. He was encored, nevertheless, in "Fin ch' al vino," though he did not utter half the notes. How often did we sigh for Tamburini! Madame Castellan was very graceful and unassuming in *Zerlina*, and was encored in both her songs, and in the "La ci darem" with Fornasari. Her *rallentando* at the end of "Batti Batti," is a mistake; it is not in the score, and spoils the climax. Her frequent alterations of Mozart's text are equally ill-advised. Lablache was Leporello, precisely as Mozart and the dramatists have depicted him—inimitable. His "Madamina" was incomparable in expression and in vocalisation. Madame Sanchioli was not equal in the music of *Donna Elvira*, albeit she evidently was desirous of rendering it more than usually prominent. Nature has endowed this artist with more volition than power, and her efforts to go beyond herself too often lead her into extravagance. Passion is a very different thing from bombast. We have, however, a better opinion of Mad. Sanchioli's *avenir* than some of the critics, and especially the "Moonshee" of the *Chronicle*, who leaves no stone unturned to exaggerate the defects of Her Majesty's Theatre. All this might at once be put a stop to, if Mr. Lumley would only give instructions to have him "boxed" on any extraordinary occasions. He is a capital "Moonshee" in this particular—give him a mouthful of something good, and, like a spaniel, he will kiss your feet. But the great thing in *Don Giovanni*, is decidedly the *Donna Anna* of Grisi. Her recitative and air, in the first act, are equal to any musical representation on record; the force and purity of her singing are only excelled by the wonderful dramatic power, the glorious sentiment of poetry, with which she reads the situation and its musical expression. Mario's improvement was even more visible in the *Don Giovanni*, than in the *Puritani*. His "Il mio tesoro" was consummate—Rubini himself never sang it better, if indeed so well. Mario is now more sparing of the *falsetto*, and combines it far more naturally with the chest-voice. His acting has also changed greatly for the better. He is no longer cold and unimpassioned, but quite the opposite. His "Il mio tesoro" was of course encored, and encored with enthusiasm. Botelli, in the *Commandatore*, cannot be commended; he sings deplorably out of tune. F. Lablache is as good a Masetto as ever appeared on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre. The chorusses were tolerably well executed. The finale to the first act went with great spirit, and the band, under Mr. Balf, deserves commendation—all the difficulties of his new position considered. The ballet of *Catarina* continues in high favor. The *Tarantella* of Lucile Grahn, a masterpiece of mimic dance, is

usually encored. Nothing can be more graceful, nothing more full of character, and deliciously natural *abandon*! Louise Taglioni gains nightly on the public, and her *pas* in the second act is always redemanded; she has great facility, and even too much energy. The ballet of *Eoline* has been revived, with Lucile Grahn for the heroine. The music of both these ballets, by Signor Pugni, is full of vivacity and tune. Rossini's *Barbieri* is announced for Thursday—a non-subscription night.

DRURY LANE.—The management of this theatre seems determined that the establishment shall not lose vogue for want of spirited enterprise. On Thursday a new version of Auber's delicious opera, "Les Diamants de la Couronne," under the denomination of the "Crown Jewels," re-introduced to us the charming Mad. Anna Thillon, one of the most remarkable existing instances of dramatic and vocal talent combined. Nothing can be more original and piquant than her assumption of the part of *Catarina*. She moves among the other actors of the scene like *Juliet* among her fellows—as a swan trooping with crows. She does not appear as though she were born among them—some sun from another world sheds a light upon her that they do not share. Where lies the secret of this rare perfection? Why should one of a common race be altogether different from her fellows? We cannot say—but thus it is. Anna Thillon, whether in her natural and spirited acting, her easy and refined vocalisation, or the perfect grace of her appearance, is as much superior to all around her as though she were a creature of another sphere. Her appearance on the scene was the signal for loud cheering from the pit, gallery, and boxes. She battled nobly and successfully against the size of the house, the imperfections of her fellow artists, and the coarse energy of the orchestra. Her first song, a delicious *barcarole* rondo in F, "The young Pedrillo," was given with the prettiest conceivable archness, and an encore was irresistible. The choral responses and accompaniments to this little gem were less out of order than most of the achievements of the choristers during the evening. In the second act, the bolero duet with Miss Poole, "In the deep ravine," was encored. Our popular English vocalist supported the fascinating *Catarina* with great ability, and the *ensemble* was quite faultless. An attempt was also made to encore the brilliant *air varié*, "Love, at once I break thy fetters," but the more sensible part of the audience would not allow the fair artist to be exposed to so much unnecessary fatigue. The cavatina in the last act, however, "Love dwell with me"—an interpolation into Auber's score—was irresistible; the whole audience demanded its repetition with acclamations, and Madame Thillon submitted with a good grace—shewing no visible signs of fatigue, although sadly inconvenienced by the uncertainty of Signor Schirra, who has little or no control over the orchestra. In short, the whole of Madame Thillon's share in the opera was as perfect as the composer himself could have desired. There was no point of the music or the dialogue that did not tell with its fullest force. In the concerted pieces, her presence of mind more than once obviated the general confusion that would otherwise have resulted from the inefficiency of the subordinates. At the fall of the curtain, the fascinating artist was recalled amidst the most deafening applause from all parts of the house. Of the other performers in the "Crown Jewels," we can say but little in praise, and therefore prefer being silent. Let us except Miss Poole in *Diana*, who, as usual, was perfect, and who sang the duet in the second act with Madame Thillon, as well as it could have been sung. Miss Poole also acted gracefully, but with somewhat less spirit than would have

befitted the character. Mr. Weiss, in *Campo Mayor*, has little to do, but effected that little, discreetly and satisfactorily. Don Henrique is not at all suited for Mr. Harrison—with Mr. Allen in the theatre, we are at a loss to understand why the part was transferred to his rival. Those who recollect Mr. Allen's acting and singing at the Princess's Theatre, cannot fail to acknowledge the great inferiority of his successor. Mr. Borroni, in *Rebolledo*, the coiner, acted with energy, but sang out of time, and out of tune. Mr. D. W. King was the Don Sebastian—beyond which, we cannot say a word in his favour. Mr. S. Jones and Mr. Hornastle were respectable coiners, in all but the musical part of the business. The band and chorus did as well as could have been expected from the hurried manner in which the opera was produced—but that is saying very little indeed. Of the music of *Les Diamants de la Couronne* we have already, on a dozen occasions at least, pronounced our warm approbation. Besides which, the public have long acknowledged it one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of its animated, sparkling and brilliant composer. Are not the overture and airs on every pianoforte—arranged in every possible shape, by every possible fashionable composer of the day? Have not our worthy friends Wessel and Co. realised a fortune by the quadrilles alone, which the invincible Musard has so happily dug out of the inexhaustible mine of melody in which the opera abounds? There was never an opera, even by Auber himself, in which the elements of popularity were more strongly evinced. We prophecy a similar vogue for the songs and other vocal *morceaux*, which now for the first time are published, by Mr. Chappell. Though we have an insurmountable objection to interpolations, and though we conscientiously think the interpolations into Auber's present opera mar its unity and suspend its interest, we are happy to accord our meed of praise to the ballads of Mr. H. B. Richards, sung respectively by Mr. Harrison and Miss Poole. The former, "Oh whisper what thou feelest," a pretty strain in the Balfé and Wallace school, was encored in spite of some very obstinate opposition. The latter, "The haven of the heart is hope," a very graceful melody, deliciously sung by Miss Poole, better deserved the compliment, though the same opposition prevented it altogether—Miss Poole retiring in the midst of the noisy conflict. Both these songs are well instrumented, and though trifles are creditable to the talents of their rising young composer. For further particulars of *key* (!) of *progressions* (!!) of *instrumentation* (!!!), of *how the subjects are resumed* (!!!!) and other *musically* important particulars, we refer our readers to the article in the *Morning Chronicle*, which supplies them in full—a fact greatly to be wondered at, since the critic of that journal does not deny his entire ignorance of such matters, and were he to deny it, he might be convicted out of his own mouth. Where did he get such minute particulars? Surely not from the composer himself, who is by far too modest and too clever a composer to write flaming notices of his own productions. It is singular that the *Illustrated News* and *Britannia*, are equally stuffed with information theoretical about the ballads of Mr. Richards. There is another interpolation in the first act—a song given to *Rebolledo*, (Mr. Borroni,) "O'er mountain steep," a good specimen of "The roast beef of old England" school—but sadly out of character with Auber's music. This song, by whom composed we are not aware, narrowly escaped an unopposed encore, being stoutly applauded by the same parties who hissed both the ballads of Mr. Richards—an ominous coincidence. However, in spite of all drawbacks, the opera was completely successful. The scenery, dresses, &c. were in the best style. The house was very full.

Mr. Bunn has just returned from Paris, having outbid all competitors, and concluded an engagement with the incomparable *danseuse*, Carlotta Grisi, whose *congé* will commence forthwith. After a short engagement at Hamburg, the charming choreograph will embark thence for London, and will make her appearance in the successful new ballet of *Paquita*, which will be immediately put in preparation at Drury Lane. Report also says, that Jenny Lind has compromised her dispute with Mr. Bunn, by engaging to sing a few nights at Drury Lane, previous to her appearing elsewhere in England. Whether this be as true, or more or less true, than another report which is about, of the marriage of the fair songstress having already been consummated, we cannot undertake to say. A new ballet is announced at Drury Lane, for next week, with two dancers from Milan.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The new comedy continues its attraction, and the houses have been excellent. Mr. Planché's new Easter contribution has been entirely successful. Since the production of Mendelssohn's "Antigone," classic taste has revived, and the Greek drama become the special subject of imitation, of criticism, and of burlesque. Mr. Planché won for himself great honour, last Easter, by his "Golden Fleece," wherein he lay Euripides under contribution, and, with the aid of Madame Vestris, brought out *Medea* in fine style. This season our clever playwright has disported himself with Aristophanes: a much more difficult task, and one in which we cannot pronounce him to have been equally successful. "The Birds of Aristophanes" is the title of his new experiment. The tragic muse more readily submits to burlesque than the comic:—the adapter, in the latter case, is reduced to competition with his original—to out-laugh, not to ridicule. The buffoonery of the old poet despises caricature—it has already advanced as far as human wit may safely go, and the mock-heroic is ice-bound in venturing to extend the limits of enterprise. Nothing can exceed the fun and humour of Aristophanes in "The Birds,"—in none of his comedies has he shown a bolder vein, or permitted his satire a wider scope. There was probably some political *animus* at the bottom; at any rate, it must be confessed that the banter of the piece touches serious interests. The delicate irony with which it abounds became the more necessary on account of these; while the rich imagination with which the poet supports the fantastically marvellous is among the things at which the would-be imitator, however skilful, might justly wonder and despair. Rightly, says Père Brumoy, "it is a merry buoyant creation, bright with the gayest plumage." There are evident references in it to the Aësopian fable—and an appeal is directly made to that childish state of belief and apprehension which readily admits of talking birds and beasts. We can conceive the fun and humor which might arise from the mere fact of the actors moving about in the disguise of birds, performing all manner of antics, and speaking, with more or less oddity, through their beaks. Alas, this obvious source of amusement is altogether missed by Mr. Planché! He contracts the whole design into a single figure. The king of the gods is represented in the king of the birds, and just where the humor approaches impiety, throws indignantly off the creature disguise, and launches the thunder of his Jovian eloquence against the insane wishes of discontented and presumptuous man. We confess that we were shocked at this—more particularly when we recollect that the Greek poet had carefully avoided introducing Jupiter. The language ascribed to him by Mr. Planché was far too earnest, too literal—it was no longer burlesque—it was no less than the voice

of offended Heaven. Aristophanes had carefully avoided such evident profanity—what excuse has an English playwright for daring it? Want of reflection. This defect characterizes the whole piece. Mr. Planché has been merely repeating himself. “The Birds” is only a faint echo of “The Golden Fleece.” He has given himself no space to do justice to the subject. It is done neatly—but not well. A good opportunity has been thrown away.

PRINCESS'S.—A new drama was produced here on Monday, with complete and deserved success. *Ernestine* is one of those dramas of mingled passion and intrigue, which the French—not perhaps, however, without the aid of Spanish inspiration—have learned to weave so well. The plot is as follows:—The *Viscount de Champeurville* (Mr. J. Cooper), has returned from India to his chateau in France, and his ward, *Juliette d'Erceville* (Miss May)—sending at the same time for his nephew, *Frederick de Champeurville* (Mr. Wallack), a gay young Parisian, who, on his arrival at his uncle's house, meets his friend *Charles d'Aspremont* (Mr. Leigh Murray), a quiet young man—the walking gentleman of the piece—and the cousin of *Juliette d'Erceville*. All these characters are at once introduced, and we learn that a marriage is on the *tapis* between the *Viscount* and his ward—that is to say, everybody but *Frederick* becomes aware of it, that flighty young gentlemen, who, according to himself, “never was wrong in his life—never,” beginning a series of blunders, by imagining from the hints he catches that he is destined to be the bridegroom *in presenti*, at once, and his uncle's heir *in futuro*. So stand matters when they are complicated by the arrival of two young peasant girls, *Ernestine* (Mrs. Stirling), and *Marie Perrot* (Miss Emma Stanley). *Ernestine* is the daughter of the *Viscount*, by an early and ill-starred marriage. Her father is unaware of her existence; but now she comes to seek her parent—yearning not for his money or his name, but his love—and is suddenly recognised by *Charles d'Aspremont* as a peasant girl he has seen, and for whom he has formed a romantic attachment. By an accident, however, before she sees the *Viscount*, the proofs of her birth fall into the hands of *Frederick*, who, fearing that she will form a formidable barrier between him and his uncle's money, is shabby enough to attempt—by representing that the claims of the long-lost child have been coldly received by her father—to induce to return again to her distant village, not, be it observed, *Ernestine* but *Marie*, her friend, who has accompanied her, and whom he mistakes for the real heiress. The discovery of his blunder as to the destination of the hand of the fair *Juliette* stifles the awakening of remorse, he begins to feel, and he determines to keep the fancied *Ernestine* near him, and near him, and under his influence, as a means of inducing his uncle to pay his debts. Meantime, the true *Ernestine*, who is also mistaken by *Juliette* for her foster-sister *Marie Perrot*, is offered a situation as attendant upon the *Viscountess*. Heart-broken and subdued, she accepts the place, for in it she will be near her father. If he will not acknowledge her, she, at least, unknown to him, can love him, and watch over him, and tend him. And the curtain falls on the first act to a bridal chorus of joyous peasants. Three months elapse, and we find matters fast changing. The *Viscount* has been ill; *Ernestine* has been his close, unwearied, loving nurse; she anticipates even the fondness of the *Countess*. She is ever by her unconscious father, a ministering angel to his infirmities. The *Viscountess* grows jealous; she demands the dismissal of the person she deems a forward, intriguing domestic. Her husband indignantly refuses to comply, and all is confusion in the household.

Meantime *Charles d'Aspremont* receives no encouragement from *Ernestine*. She has determined not to give free vent to her love, until her birth and name are acknowledged. And our rattling friend, *Frederick*, where is he? At the foot of *Marie*,—whom he still believes *Ernestine*,—enchained by the naive attractions of the rustic beauty. Affairs tend to a crisis. The *Countess's* jealousy boils. *Charles*, slighted by *Ernestine*, resolves to go abroad. *Frederick*, ruined by the presents heaped upon the still innocent *Marie*, determines to attempt to induce his uncle to pay his debts, by revealing to him the supposed parentage of the girl, for whom they were contracted. By an interchange of letters, however, joined to information given by *Charles*, the *Count* discovers, ere *Frederick* is aware of it, that the lovely being, who has so long tended him in silent affection, is his daughter. He clasps her in his arms, and the parental embrace is only loosened to dissipate the jealousy of the *Countess*—to remove all obstacles to the union of *Charles* with *Ernestine*—and utterly confound the hapless *Frederick*, who rushes in with *Marie*, whom he has promised to make his wife, still firmly believing her to be the *Count's* long-lost daughter. The *denouement* is extremely well managed and effective. The final arrangements usual in such cases are made, and even *Frederick* sees no reasons to repent his choice, although he does many to regret the follies and errors which led to it. The drama was, on the whole, well played. The part of *Ernestine*, as given by Mrs. Stirling, was a subdued and touching piece of acting. Miss May, a most promising young lady, whose *debut* in the *Violet* we had occasion very favourably to mention, played the *Countess* with passion and delicacy. *Marie Perrot* was played with vivacity and *naïvité*, by Miss E. Stanley. Wallack's *Frederick* was gay, lively, gentlemanly, and full of those telling points created by the actor rather than the author. Cooper's *Count* was all that could be wished. The new Faster piece, “*Peeping Tom of Coventry*,” has been highly successful. It is full of fun, well got up, and capitally acted by Compton, Oxberry, Mrs. Fosbroke, and Miss E. Stanley. The scenery is beautiful, especially the first scene—a moonlight landscape, admirably executed by Mr. Beverley. The piece is agreeably varied by the dancing of Misses Ballin and Marshall and Mr. Gilbert—and by the wonderful performances of Mr. Flexmore. The re-engagement of Mr. Macready has renewed the former overflows. *Hamlet* and *King Lear* have been performed. Everything seems to prosper at this little theatre—and no wonder; since everything is undertaken with spirit, and accomplished with judgement.

Foreign Intelligence.

BRUSSELS.—(*La Belgique Musicale*, April 16).—The soirée of M. Cornelis has closed the winter-concert season. The great *Salle de la Société d'Ixelles* was crowded on the occasion. The artists were M. Cornelis, M. Lavigne, and Madame Pleyel. M. Cornelis is a clever vocalist—a tenor. He sang a charming air from Halevy's *Mousquetaires de la Reine*, which popular opera is in preparation at the *Theatre de la Monnaie*, where the Brussels amateurs will have an opportunity of sanctioning the fiat of the Paris public in its praise. M. Lavigne, an oboist of distinction, performed two solos, and won considerable applause. But the privilege of raising the admiration of the audience to its greatest height—of elevating their zeal into absolute fanaticism, was reserved for Madame Pleyel,

the great star of the soirée, to whom it is given to charm the eyes and the ears by every feminine grace and the richest display of musical art. Assisted by a *locale* admirably contrived to favor sound, and by one of the superb instruments of Erard from the *dépôt* of M. Rummel, at Brussels, the "Reine du piano," appearing at the end of each part of the concert, manifested to perfection the power and resources of her genius. First, Prudent's fantasia on the *Huguenots* brought her before the immense auditory, and as the notes resounded beneath the fingers of the incomparable artist, her hearers, electrified, scarcely breathed, lest they should lose one note, and on every countenance wonder and delight were visibly depicted. And what artful progression of effect—what a perfect management of contrast—what a complete and satisfactory climax! Now the sounds which proceed from the instrument are merged in a breath of melody—now they explode in resounding chords with such energy and fire that it is difficult to believe that the feeble hand of a woman has attained to such a degree of power. And in the midst of all, what lofty sentiment, what soul, what passion! It seemed impossible that in her second *morceau* Madame Pleyel could surpass the effect conveyed by her first; but the cunning magician invariably makes us think what she is immediately executing is the best—and so we thought in the *Il Pirate* Fantasia she outdid the wonders of her first performance. To the vociferous cries of "bis," which resounded simultaneously from every part of the room, Madame Pleyel responded by resuming her place at the piano. Now she adopted a new mode of enchanting, and to the brilliant *morceaux* of Prudent and Kalbrenner succeeded the humorous and grotesque—the *Carnaval de Venise*. It were vain to attempt a description of the grace and *esprit* with which the fair artist interpreted and varied this well-known theme, and the art with which, at each resumption of the air, she renewed its freshness by an inexhaustible variety of ornament, a mine of capricious lights and shadows of expression, and an extraordinary and everchanging originality of rhythm. To sum up, this concert was a new triumph for Madame Pleyel, as *éclatant* as any that had preceded it, and the public had the opportunity of showing, by their enthusiasm, how entirely they appreciated the worth of one of the most brilliant and legitimate celebrities of modern art.

BERLIN.—Jenny Lind, took her temporary leave on the 2nd of April, of the Berlin public. She is on her way now to Vienna, where she is engaged for two months. *La Sonnambula* was the part in which the delicious songstress made her "au revoir." At the conclusion of each act of the opera, she was recalled upon the scene, and at the end, when she appeared for the last time, a shower of flowers and coronets, directed from every part of the theatre, fell at her feet. Towards midnight, all the members of the orchestra of the Grand Opera executed a serenade under the window of her sleeping apartment. Jenny Lind will make her appearance at Vienna, in Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*. She returns to Berlin on the 20th of June.

VENICE.—Fanny Ellsler took her leave on the 24th. She was applauded with all the fury of Italian enthusiasm. At the end of the performance, the whole stage was covered with bouquets in the twinkling of an eye. The distinguished *danseuse* never achieved a more brilliant triumph.

Miscellaneous.

"THE RUSTLING LEAVES;" Song. Howard Glover. (C. Keegan.)—The words of this song, involving a moral as

true as it is sad, are highly creditable to the fair authoress, Mrs. Meyer Carwick. Mr. Glover, in his music, has successfully embodied the sentiment they convey. The melody is plaintive and beautiful, and, moreover, essentially vocal. The key of B Minor, tristful and sombre, is happily chosen. In the accompaniment, the hand of a practised musician and an imaginative thinker is apparent. The figure is agreeably and ingeniously developed; some of the harmonies are very striking. As fine points of musicianship we would instance the expression of the words "Thus human joys," &c., where the progression of harmony is singularly beautiful, and the last phrase on the words "Dust to dust return," which evinces a feeling of the deepest poetry. Altogether this song is far beyond the average quality of vocal compositions, under the weight of which the shelves of our music publishers unprofitably groan. Mr. Glover is a true musician, and writes for art more than for profit—desiring rather the approving fiat of posterity, than the ephemeral *éclat* of the moment.—*Morning Post*.

RICHMOND.—Madame Lecoy's third morning concert is announced to take place at the New Music Hall on the 29th. The vocalists are Madame Lecoy, Miss Rainforth, Miss Hill, and Signor F. Lablache. The instrumentalists are Signor Sivori and Mr. Brinley Richards.

MR. ROPHINO LACY and his daughter, Miss Dely, together with Mr. Robert Gardner, commence a short engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on the 4th of May next, being their first appearance in this country since their return from America.

YORK.—On the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday last, the Misses Smith, (nieces of the Dowager Countess of Essex, formerly Miss Stephens,) gave four public concerts in the Lecture-hall, Goodramgate, in this city. As vocal performances, they were deserving of high praise. The skilful manner in which the Misses Smith sang several popular English, Irish, and Scotch songs, called forth each evening the loud plaudits of those who were present. The other parts of the concert, in which the vocalists sang favourite duets were also ably sustained. The audiences, however, were not so numerous as might have been expected.—*York Herald*.

DRAGONETTI.—This celebrated double-bass performer expired at his house in Leicester-square, on Thursday afternoon, at half-past five; Count Pepoli, the Italian poet, Mr. Novello, Mr. Pigott, and M. Tolbecque were with the musician during his last moments. He was a Venetian by birth, and was born in 1764 or 1762, for Dragonetti was never positive about the date. His father was also a contra-basso. At nine years of age Domenico began to play on the guitar. He then studied the violin, and at twelve years old began on the double bass. He practised much with Mestrino, the violinist, and at thirteen was nominated *primo basso* at the *Opera Buffa*. At fourteen he was promoted to the same position at the "Grand Opera Seria," at San Benetto. At eighteen he was engaged in the chapel of *San Marco*, performing at concerts the violoncello parts or the double bass. He then went to Vicenza, where he purchased his well-known *Amati* double bass. From Vicenza he visited Padua, after which he was offered an engagement, as principal contra-basso, at the King's Theatre in this country, in which he remained up to his death. Dragonetti has made a will, and appointed Count Pepoli, Mr. Heath, and Mr. Novello, his executors.

MOSCHELES' SONATE SYMPHONIQUE.—(*From the Morning Post.*)—The scarcity of original pianoforte duets is proverbial. It has long been a complaint among the lovers of classical music. The appearance, therefore, of a work like the present, from the pen of one of the most deservedly eminent composers and pianists of the day, will be hailed with universal pleasure. None better understand the genius of the pianoforte than Mr. Moscheles, and in the grave and elaborate composition before us he has never lost sight of the brilliant character of the instrument. The *sonate symphonique*, while intrinsically good and interesting as music, is admirably adapted for displaying the capabilities of the pianist. It opens with brief introduction *andante patetico* in B minor, which touches upon the major of the key, and subsequently leads to a half-close, on the dominant of C—unexpectedly introducing, by an interrupted cadence, the subject of the first *allegro* in the original key. This is managed with great ingenuity, and the subject of the movement *agitato*, in six-eight, has a charming feeling of melancholy quaintness that recalls, in some measure, the *finale* of the composer's own pianoforte concerto in G minor. After a brilliant development of the *motivo*, we arrive naturally on to the counter-subject—a playful *legato* phrase, in the relative major of the original key, which is treated with sparing modulation, but great effect, to the end of the first part—which conducts to the first *motivo*, and the whole is repeated. In the second part the composer's profound skill in modulation is largely and successfully taxed. Instead of returning to the original phrase, however, the *motivo* of the introduction is introduced, with striking and natural grandeur, in the major key, after which the subject is farther developed, the counter-subject re-introduced, and the movement finishes with a *coda* of unusual animation and brilliancy, in which the *arpeggio* form of passage is capitally employed. The second movement, *andante expressivo*, in D major, common time, is a delicious pastoral, original in conception, and accompanied with great ingenuity. Handfuls of *legato* passages, in demisemiquavers, are allotted to both performers, and the dotted accent of the *motivo* is sustained throughout. The pastoral character, meanwhile, is never once abandoned. The *scherzo*, in G major, is in the ancient *Tedesca* mode, of which Beethoven has given us some specimens, (*Vide*, pianoforte sonata, in G major, the first movement, one of the later productions of the great composer.) M. Moscheles, however, has not copied Beethoven, but has drawn happily on the resources of his own fertile imagination. The movement is thoroughly original and charming. The retarded cadence at the end, with the semitonically descending bass, from E flat, is perfectly novel, and highly effective. The difficulties of this *scherzo* are very great—but time will be advantageously expended by the zealous student in conquering them. The *finale* is anticipated by a few bars of the first introduction, which give way to a *chorale*, richly harmonised *nella moda antica*, with common chords, and their inversions. Then follows an *allegro con brio*, in the original key, B minor. The subject is passionate and impetuous. The second *motivo* is a bold phrase, finely clothed in four and five part harmony. Fragments of the *chorale* are re-introduced in the second part, interspersed with brilliant passages of *arpeggios*, and portions of the subject of the *finale*. The harmonised counter-subject re-occurs in C major, and, through the medium of some bold and masterly modulations, leads once more to the opening subject—the whole concluding with a magnificent *coda*, formed out of the *chorale*, and coloured by the accessories of brilliant and ener-

getic *tours de force*, for either performer. This cursory sketch can give but a small idea of the excellence of the work, which must be heard and studied to be appreciated. If not the greatest, it is assuredly one of the greatest efforts of its accomplished and admirable composer. And yet, with all its merits, will it be credited that the *Sonate Symphonique*, unable to find a purchaser among our speculative English music-publishers, was printed and produced at the author's own expense—in default of which spirited and artist-like determination on the part of M. Moscheles, it might have gone a begging, or mouldered, *sine die*, on the shelf. On the continent, it is scarcely necessary to say, such a *chef-d'œuvre* of musicianship was readily disposed of, and found publishers not only in Germany, but in France.

MELODISTS.—The following artists have been invited to dine with the Melodists' Club on the 7th of May: Camillo Sivori, M. Godefroid, and J. L. Hatton. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge will give a prize for a pastoral ballad.

THE VETERAN BLEWETT will give a concert in the Princess's Great Room, on Wednesday morning, at which a host of vocal and instrumental talent will assist. M. Kellermann, the new Violoncello will make his *début* on the occasion.

TAMBURINI's engagements on the Continent will prevent him from paying London a visit this season.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The third concert will take place on Wednesday under the direction of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge. The vocalists are Madame Caraderi Allan, Mrs. Sunderland, and Miss Hawes; Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Machin and Signor F. Lablache.

MR. MUHLENFELDT'S THIRD SOIREE.—Blagrove's rooms, on Wednesday night, were crowded to inconvenience by a highly respectable audience. Mr. Muhlenfeldt, as usual, had provided a strictly classical programme. Among the long pieces were Hummel's *Septet*, and Mendelssohn's *Duet* in D, for piano and violoncello. Mr. Muhlenfeldt sustained the piano part in both with great energy and decision. In the former the flute of Mr. Ribas and the horn of Mr. Jarrett did eminent service; in the latter the masterly violoncello playing of M. Rousselot was exhibited to brilliant advantage. Mr. Muhlenfeldt also performed *Les Adieux*, one of the most difficult solo sonatas of Beethoven, and two *fantasias*—one by himself, the other by Thalberg—in brilliant style, gaining loud applause in each. A new vocalist, from Germany, Mdlle. Rummel, produced a highly favourable sensation, in the final *Scena* from *La Sonnambula*. In the air she displayed a pure style, and such neat and florid execution as to elicit an *encore* unanimous and enthusiastic. She repeated it with equal effect. Mdlle. Rummel's voice is a pure *soprano* of charming flute-like quality—ranging from F below the line to F in *alti*; a compass of three entire octaves equal throughout, more brilliant and clear than full and round, but uncommonly flexible. In the air, which she sang in B. flat, Mdlle. Rummel made a shake on C, D, in *alti*, with great facility. In the second part, the fair *debutante* sang a pleasing Spanish romance, and a Tyrolean air, evincing in both a fund of taste and original expression. She was loudly applauded, and will prove a great acquisition to our concert-rooms. In noticing the vocal music we must particularly mention a very exquisite and musician-like song by Mr. Muhlenfeldt, "Memory, thou Syren," which was rendered by Miss Dolby to the utmost perfection. We never heard this clever artist sing more

deliciously—in expression and vocalising she was equally faultless. The song, as it merited, was rapturously encored. Miss Dolby subsequently sang one of the quaint *lieder* of Mendelssohn, a very nosegay of sweet melody, to which the fair vocalist gave precisely the character it required; it could not have been better interpreted. Earlier in the evening, Miss Dolby gave Haydn's magnificent *cantata*, "Ariana a Naxos." This fine composition, a model of the declamatory style, has been frequently interpreted in public by Miss Dolby—and her impassioned expression of its profound and varied sentiment has made it her own—especially since no other vocalist has for many years ventured to attempt it. Miss Rainforth's charming rendering of a pleasing ballad by the *bénéficiaire*, and several classical *morceaux* well sung by Messrs. Weiss and W. H. Seguin, added to the strength of the vocal department. Mr. Henry Boys was an excellent accompanist, and in Haydn's difficult *cantata*, proved himself a ready and tasteful pianist. Mdlle. Rummel, however, was accompanied by M. Rummel, her father, a pianist and composer of considerable repute on the continent, and concert-master, moreover, to the Duke of Nassau. The concert, though too long, gave general satisfaction, and the character of the programme, no less than the artists engaged to interpret it, spoke volumes in favour of the taste and judgment of Mr. Muhlenfeldt.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The one hundred and fiftieth performance, at Exeter Hall, will take place on Friday next, when Mr. Perry's *Belshazzar's Feast*, Mendelssohn's eight-part psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came," produced at the Birmingham Festival, in 1840, and Haydn's Service, No. 2, will be performed, for the first time.

MR. MOSCHELES will introduce, at his second *matinée*, on Thursday next, an unpublished M.S. concerto of Sebastian Bach, for piano-forte, and two obligato flutes, with quartet accompaniments. Besides which the celebrated pianist will perform selections from Handel, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven.

DON GIOVANNI.—Mozart's emotion at the reception of *Figaro* in Prague was so great, that he could not help saying to the manager, Bondini, "As the Bohemians understand me so well, I must write an opera on purpose for them." Bondini took him at his word, and entered with him, on the spot, into a contract to furnish his theatre with an opera for the ensuing winter. Thus was laid the foundation of *Il Don Giovanni*. Having completed all his arrangements for its progress, Mozart set off on a second expedition to Prague, accompanied by his wife. Not a note of his opera was as yet upon paper, but he had thoroughly digested the subject in his mind. The original libretto, entitled, *Il Dissoluto punito, ossia Il Don Giovanni*, was adapted by Da Ponta from the Spanish tale "El Comendador de Piedra," of Tirso de Molina; and of all the dramatic subjects treated by Mozart, this appears to have taken the strongest hold on his imagination; from the beginning to the end he has sustained it without a symptom of fatigue. On reaching Prague, he first took up his quarters at the inn called the Three Lions, in the coal market; but subsequently removed to his friend Dussek's, who resided at a vineyard at Kasokitz, in the picturesque suburbs of the city. Here, on an elevated site, which commanded a view of the antique magnificence of Prague, its faded castles, ruined cloisters, and other majestic remains of feudal times, under the mild rays of an autumnal sun, and in the open air, *Don Giovanni* was written. The opera was finally completed, excepting the overture, on the 28th of October, 1787, about six weeks after Mozart's arrival at Prague. The parts were given out

to the singers as they were finished, and the composer rehearsed them privately with each, while the rest of his work was in course of completion. A week only was left for stage rehearsals. The time passed in festivities of various kinds, and the composition of the overture to *Don Giovanni* was entirely neglected until the night of the 3rd of November, 1787. This was the eve of Mozart's great triumph. A large party was assembled at Dussek's, and Mozart was enjoying himself with them, apparently thoughtless of the overture. His friends, however, became uneasy, and one of them said to him, "Mozart, the first performance of *Don Giovanni* is to-morrow, and you have not yet written the overture." He appeared to consider awhile, and about midnight retired, desiring his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him to keep him awake. The overture was ready by the morning, but the copyists were less diligent, or less successful with their work. The opera should have commenced at seven in the evening, but there was no overture, and the crowded theatre was kept waiting until a quarter to eight, when the parts were hastily brought into the orchestra, covered with sand, and with them entered Mozart to take his place as conductor. His appearance was greeted by the general applause of the theatre, and the unrehearsed overture was then commenced.—*Holmes's "Life of Mozart."*

M. PRUME.—On Saturday evening this distinguished violinist made his *début* before a London audience with the greatest success. After the second act of *The Crusaders*, M. Prume played *Souvenirs Villageois*, an introduction and rondo of his own composition—and at the end of the opera *Fantaisie Fantastique*, also his own. In both he was warmly applauded. M. Prume has a mechanism of extraordinary neatness and facility—a full and agreeable tone, and a very elegant and expressive style. His compositions are remarkable for effect, and admirably adapted to the peculiar character of the violin. We trust shortly to hear M. Prume at some of our great public concerts, where his talents will be more likely to find artistic appreciators.

THE FAVOURITE MUSICIANS of three Queens fell a sacrifice to suspicion and vengeance within the space of thirty years in this country. Mark Smeaton, in the service of Anne Boleyn, was executed in 1536; Thomas Abel, who taught music and grammar to Queen Catherine, wife of Henry VIII., was hanged and quartered in 1540; and David Rizzio, secretary to Mary Queen of Scots, was murdered in 1565.

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS' new work on counterpoint will, we understand, create a revolution in the present modes and systems of fixed principles in music and the laws of harmony. Whether Mr. Flowers has originated a theory of his own, or has only grounded his new views on the rules and practices of the old masters, we have no means of ascertaining. The work will shortly appear, and is impatiently awaited by the musicians and musical critics.—*Court Journal*.

CHAPEL OF EASE.—The opening of the new organ at the Chapel of Ease, took place on Sunday, when there was the largest attendance ever witnessed within these walls. Eloquent sermons were preached, both in the morning and evening, by the Rev. Z. S. Warren, Vicar of Ancaster. Mr. Bexfield presided with great ability at the organ, which is by Eagles, London, and is a very excellent instrument; the bass is full, and the flute and clarabella are particularly beautiful. The choir, from the parish church, acquitted themselves well. After each service, a collection was made, amounting altogether to upwards of £20.

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The Third and last Matinée will take place on Thursday, May 7, when, amongst other Selections, will be performed MENDELSSOHN's new Trio, (in C minor), and Mr. MOSCHELES' new Duet,—Sonate Symphonique.

Subscription Tickets for the two remaining Matinées, £1 5s., Single Tickets 15s. each, to be had of Mr. Moschelles, 3, Chester Place, Regent's Park. No Tickets sold at the door.

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	No. 10, in C minor,	Op. 30, No. 2,	7	6
	No. 11 in G,	Op. 30, No. 8,	5	0

PIANO, VIOLIN, AND VIOLONCELLO.

Thirlwall ,	Andante and Polonoise.	Op. 10,	5	0
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67, FRITH STREET, CORNER OF SOHO SQUARE.

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